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Ah ! who thy timid feet shall guard
From peril on life's dang'rous way ?
What guide thy steps to vice retard
And safely lead to virtue's sway ?
Look not around !—thy soft blue eye
Will but invite profession's guile,
By trusting faith believ'd ;—but fly—
Fell ruin lurks beneath its smile.
Oh ! didst thou know how vain the trust
On shaken reed of earth is found !
How fairest flow'rs by friendship nurs'd
Are strewn neglected on the ground !
By falsehood sever'd from the stem,
By pride and sordid int'rest torn,
In vain would hope re-gather them,
Swift down life's fleeting current borne.
The only refuge from despair—
The friend—when earthly friends decay—
Lives in thy breast, and gently there
Points to unfading realms of day.

TRUE LOVE.

They lov'd,—but not the mild pure light
Around *their* spirits sheds its beam,
That glows, when hearts together plight
The mutual vow of fond esteem.
That nameless sympathy of soul,
Caught not from transient beauty's smile,
Which lives beyond its weak control
Through time, and lives unchang'd the while.
Tho' fortune frown, and fate severe
Hurl stern adversity's fell dart,
That love can stay the falling tear
And soothe to peace, the aching heart.
But 'tis not, earth, a flow'r of thine,
Too pure to blossom on thy breast,
From heav'n, a visitant divine,
To hearts by virtue's seal impress'd.
The spurious plant, thy offspring vile,
Though often green and fair to view,
Poisons ere long its parent soil,
Then o'er the ruin withers too.

THE MOUNTAIN CLOUD.

How beautiful upon the mountain's height,
Yon fleecy cloud of soft and silvery light ;
Resting on earth its shadowy outline seems ;
Its summit sparkling in the sun's bright beams :
Onward it still pursues its radiant course
With unobtrusive yet resistless force,
Till gently mixing with the solar ray,
Its beauteous form exhales in light away.
Emblem of one, whose heav'n directed eye
Dwells not on earth, but seeks its native sky,
Whose smile reflects the beams of heav'nly love,
Pure, emanating from their source above,
A pilgrim here below, yet soon to be
Wafted thro' time into eternity !

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a flower, a little flower,
Which blooms companion of my bower,
Unasked, unsought, without a care,
Smiling around, that flower is there.

Though wintry winds have swept its bed,
 And earth has pillowed cold its head ;
 Though prouder forms have sunk to rest,
 Nor rise again from earth's dark breast ;
 Still does this little flower arise
 Joyous beneath spring's genial skies ;
 Nor frost can bind, nor poisoned air
 Taint with decay its circles fair ;
 Like hopes which still the bosom cheer
 When many a hope has left it drear ;
 Like thoughts of home in climes afar ;
 Like evening's still returning star ;
 Like tears which fall when the heart is sad,
 Almost as sweet as that heart were glad ;
 Like friendship found where we sought it not ;
 In bower and garden, in field and grot,
 Spring thy fair flowers, Forget-me-not.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

I have swept o'er the mountain, the forest, and fell ;
 I have played on the rock where the wild Chamois dwell ;
 I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
 Through the pathless depths of its solitude ;
 Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
 My spirit has wandered at midnight free.
 I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
 I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell,
 I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
 I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam ;
 I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
 Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried ;
 I have stolen away on my silken wing,
 The violet's scent in the early spring.
 I have hung o'er groves where the citron grows,
 And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
 I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
 To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
 I have sped the dove on its errand home,
 O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
 I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
 With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
 I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
 Till they hung on my wing in their shapes of fear ;
 I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
 And the flaming brand of the fire king sped ;
 I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
 On the tempest's wing from the stormy north ;
 I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
 And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied ;
 I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
 And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
 I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
 Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
 I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
 And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
 There is not a spot upon land or sea,
 Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

My cherub boy ! thy young heart is light,
 Thy glance of beauty, how wild and bright,
 Tells of a spirit unchilled by care :
 Long ! long may such innocent mirth beam there !
 Thy coral lip of frolic and glee,
 May well to such eye meet companion be ;